



COVER SHEET

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Games for Married Couples. By D. Bruno Starrs. Copyright 2003.

(A cheerleader 'type' bounces across the stage with a placard stating; GAME ONE. A referee's whistle is heard starting play. The curtain lifts to reveal the interior of a modern apartment. There are two doors, one to the outside, the other to the bedroom. The walls are like giant playing cards. The furniture consists of sturdy black and white 60 cm cubes upon which (like alphabet building blocks) are affixed various letters or words. KYLIE, a young attractive, pampered socialite type - if there is such a 'type' - is seated at the cubes that spell the word S.O.F.A., dressed in a tennis outfit and filing her nails. She yawns. After some time her husband, WOLFGANG, an older, sophisticated and arty type -if there is such a 'type' - enters from outside. He is wearing a black skivvy and beret and is obviously stressed but pleased to be home. He casually tosses his G.U.C.C.I. bag and the keys to his S.A.A.B. onto the T.A.B.L.E. cubes and waits for KYLIE to acknowledge his arrival. She ignores him and enjoys his consternation. His confident veneer begins to crack.)

WOLFGANG

(Half to himself)

Gott in Himmel!

(To KYLIE)

Ach! Vat a fucking day! 6 am to 8 pm vithout a break und not von take vorth ze keeping. I vouldn't vant to ever endure zat again!

KYLIE

(With sincerity)

Poor snookums. Tell me all about it. Did that famous American starlet play up? Now what was her name again?

WOLFGANG

You know zat she is called Brittany, und ja, she vas intolerate-able. Such a demanding little child! She refused to come onto ze set unless her fucking poodle vas zere as vell. Und, of course, ze mutt pissed on a lead und shorted out half ze lights. Fucking unbelievable! I could kill ze little Brittany brat - it vould so satisfying be - like throttling a baby zat vas bawling at ze movies!

KYLIE

Wolfgang, that's a terrible thing to say! You know how I feel about babies!

WOLFGANG

Sorry, darlink ... still, I shouldn't complain. At least I'll still get paid.

KYLIE

And exactly how much are you going to make, Mr. Director?

WOLFGANG

Exactly vat I am vorth.

KYLIE

We can't live on that, darling.

WOLFGANG

Oh, you are in ze good form zis evening, you impetuous little upstart ... und vat vas your day like - did you even get up before ze noon?

KYLIE

Oh, Heavens, no! But Chloe and I did manage to squeeze in a few tennis lessons in between the daiquiris in the afternoon.

WOLFGANG

Hmm, I sink I would have liked to have seen zat - you two pretty young vives prancing about in your scandalously short skirts with ze vite bloomers showing ze peek-a-boo from underneath und driving your tennis instructor crazy with lust. Ze poor bastard - I hope he realises how disposable he is ...

KYLIE

And today was such a hot day ... we were sweating all over ...

WOLFGANG

Ja?

KYLIE

Mmmm ... our shirts were clinging to our bodies, and of course, silly me, I'd forgotten to put on a bra ...

WOLFGANG

Ach, ja ... zat is sounding good ... you vere vet, nein?

KYLIE

Wet? Oh, yes! In fact I'm starting to feel a little damp right now ...

WOLFGANG

Vell, vy don't you come over here, you sexy little vixen?

KYLIE

Oh, are we going to do some rehearsing, Mr. Director?

WOLFGANG

Ja, but I would like to audition you first.

KYLIE

Shouldn't you come over to the sofa, or should I say 'couch' - as in 'casting couch'?

(KYLIE rearranges the S.O.F.A. as if smoothing sheets until the cubes read L.U.S.T.)

So, how bad do you want it?

WOLFGANG

I am wanting it bad!

KYLIE

Yeah?

WOLFGANG

Ach, ja.

KYLIE

Well, you're not going to get it!

(KYLIE pushes WOLFGANG away and he chases her around the T.A.B.L.E. cubes. Neither sees the door to the outside open slightly. They eventually stop, facing each other over the T.A.B.L.E. cubes which they turn over cube by cube until they are nose to nose. The cubes now read B.L.I.S.S.)

WOLFGANG

So, it's going to be another night of sordid little love games, is it?

KYLIE

I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Director.

WOLFGANG

Ve are going to play like ze cat und ze mouse. Or maybe ve vill play ze kittycat und ze master?

KYLIE

The kittycat is the master.

WOLFGANG

Meow!

KYLIE

Pfft!

(The door shuts quickly but quietly as WOLFGANG jumps back)

WOLFGANG

Oh, you may be having ze sharp claws, darlink, but you're still no match for me.

KYLIE

We'll see about that, Mr. Director - you'll soon be playing the part of the naughty little boy sent to bed without his supper.

WOLFGANG

Would zat make you hot, darlink?

KYLIE

(Pointing her 'mobile phone at WOLFGANG like a TV remote control)

Changing your channel would definitely improve my viewing pleasure.

WOLFGANG

Ze question you need to ask yourself in zis audition is vether you're up to it?

KYLIE

Oh, I'm a 'method actor', Mr. Director - I live the part and consequently I'm always up to it. The real question is - can you get it up?

WOLFGANG

(Pointing his mobile 'phone at KYLIE. It fails to 'work')

I'm ze vun who calls ze shots here, darlink, remember?

KYLIE

That's all well and good, but what about your little Director's 'assistant'?

(KYLIE gestures with her 'pinkie' finger')

WOLFGANG

'Little', hey? My, my, my - you're going to have to be punished for zat vun! Prepare yourself for ze spanking, young lady!

KYLIE

You're going to have to catch me first, Mr. Director!

*(KYLIE runs around the B.L.I.S.S. cubes with WOLFGANG in hot pursuit. He catches her and showers her with kisses. As he does the telephone on the wall near the bedroom door starts ringing. There is a brief blackout before a **red** spotlight is focused on the telephone and then the lights come up as before. The telephone continues ringing)*

WOLFGANG

(Deadpan)

Zat'll be ze 'phone.

KYLIE

Rock, paper, scissors?

WOLFGANG

Vy not?

(They face each other and play a round of 'Rock, paper, scissors'. WOLFGANG does 'scissors', KYLIE does 'rock')

KYLIE

Ha! You lose!

WOLFGANG

Damn!

(WOLFGANG goes over to the telephone. KYLIE sits at the B.L.I.S.S. cubes)

WOLFGANG

Wolfgang Schmidt. Speak to me.

(WOLFGANG glances at KYLIE and lowers his voice)

Brittany, are you fucking crazy? I told you it is over being ... Nein, don't ... Ja, vell, zis is not ze good time ... Nein! You can't do zat! ... Vat? ... You are? ... Ze PVC und ze jodhpurs? . . .

Alright, I'll be over coming in ze twenty minutes ... Mmm, mein schone madchen!

(WOLFGANG hangs up)

KYLIE

Who was it, darling?

WOLFGANG

(Flustered)

Oh, ah ... Zat vas zis new editor vorking on zat last dogfood commercial I vas shot by ... He seems to have lost a feel ... I mean deal ... I mean reel! He is so fucking hopeless. I'm going to have to go over to his studio and sort it out.

KYLIE

Now? At this time of night?

WOLFGANG

(Nervously)

Ja, vell, he's vorking to a dead-man ... Um, dead-life ... Um, dead-line, zat's it! Ah, if he doesn't make it none of us get ze big, fat chick ... I mean crook ... I mean ze big, fat cheque! I'll be back before you are knowing it, darlink. You von't even miss me. . . Nein, you von't even miss me at all.

(WOLFGANG kisses KYLIE on the cheek, picks up his keys and hurriedly walks to the door)

KYLIE

Darling, hurry back - the game's just not the same when there's only one playing.

WOLFGANG

Ja, I vill being right back to start over and pick up vere ve left off ze second time 'round und repeat it all over again!

(WOLFGANG exits. KYLIE sits and contemplates the preceding events)

KYLIE

That's the problem with being married to a director - you never know when they're telling the truth or just acting ... Oh, well, might as well have some coke - I know there's heaps left. Wolfie won't even miss it.

(KYLIE finds some cocaine in WOLFGANG's G.U.C.C.I. bag and prepares it)

Whoa, that's better. Shame I'm all alone though. This shit makes me sooo horny.

(KYLIE rearranges the B.L.I.S.S. cubes to read A.L.O.N.E.)

Mmmm.

REYNALDO

(Calling from offstage and startling the aroused KYLIE)

Hello? Anybody home? Door's open!

(REYNALDO enters. He is well dressed in a casual ensemble, cashmere pullover draped over his shoulders and sunglasses propped on top of his head. He adopts an exaggeratedly feminine posture and lisps)

Hey.

KYLIE

(Flustered)

Reynaldo! How are you sweetie? Mmm, nice threads!

REYNALDO

(Admiring himself and striking a catwalk model pose)

Yeah, pretty fine, hey. So, what's happening - Wolfgang about?

KYLIE

You've just missed him, baby. Care for a line?

REYNALDO

Well, I am going to the gym later - it'd give me a lift.

KYLIE

You know, Reynaldo, I could give you a real lift.

REYNALDO

(Nervously snorting some cocaine)

Come on, Kyles, stop mucking around - you know that Chloe and I are perfectly happy and I wouldn't jeopardise that for anything, not even for ... you.

KYLIE

But you're tempted aren't you, sweetie? Wouldn't you like to make Wolfie jealous? I know I would.

REYNALDO

You're serious, aren't you?

KYLIE

I can be just as bad as him you know.

REYNALDO

Actually, Kyles, I think I'd better be going.

KYLIE

Oh, yeah, sure ... Listen, Reynaldo, I was just kidding, you know. It's just part of the games we play. And, like, the coke makes me stupid. But sometimes I get so pissed off at Wolfgang! I can never tell for sure what he's up to.

REYNALDO

He loves you, Kylie, I know - I work with him. Look, I really gotta speak to Wolfgang and tell him the news - seems we got the second 'Chump' commercial.

KYLIE

What?

REYNALDO

You know, the dogfood ad we just finished. They loved it - especially the editing! I'll just give him another ring.

(REYNALDO tries to call WOLFGANG on his mobile 'phone)

Hmm, "Not turned on or out of range". Tell him to give me a buzz when he gets back. See ya!

KYLIE

Um ... Reynaldo, let's keep this between ourselves, huh?

REYNALDO

Mum's the word. Oh, and thanks for the coke - I'm gonna have a great workout now!

(REYNALDO exits and KYLIE sits)

KYLIE

Jesus, I could do with a great workout ...

(Dreamily)

Especially with him. *(Thinking of WOLFGANG, KYLIE sits bolt upright)*

What's that bastard up to? Lost a reel my arse! And not answering his mobile! Is he playing in another comp? Or am I just being paranoid?

(KYLIE rearranges the L.U.S.T. cubes until they read S.U.S.S.)

Have I lost him too?

(A referee's whistle is heard. Lights fade to black)

(A buffed jock 'type' bounces across the stage with a placard stating; GAME TWO. A referee's whistle is heard and the lights come up to reveal the same scene as before, except S.U.S.S. is now C.O.O.L. and A.L.O.N.E. is now L.I.V.E.S.)

WOLFGANG

(After a painful silence in which he seems unable to decide what to say, he eventually speaks, but faster and more aggressively than in GAME ONE)

Gott in Himmel!

(To KYLIE)

Ach! Vat a fucking day! 6 am to 8 pm vithout a break und not von take vorth ze keeping. I vouldn't vant to ever endure zat again! But with my luck it is being a repeat performance tomorrow.

KYLIE

(With a little more animosity than in GAME ONE)

Poor snookums. Tell me all about it. Did that famous American starlet play up? Now what was her name again?

WOLFGANG

You know zat she is called Brittany, und ja, she vas intolerate-able. Such a demanding little child! She refused to come onto ze set unless her fucking rottweiler vas zere as vell. Und, of course, ze mutt started humping ze continuity girl's leg! Fucking unbelievable! I could kill ze little Brittany brat - it vould so satisfying be - like throttling a baby zat vas bawling at ze movies!

KYLIE

Wolfgang, that's a terrible thing to say! You know how I feel about babies!

WOLFGANG

Sorry, darlink ... still, I shouldn't complain. At least I'll still get paid.

KYLIE

And exactly how much are you going to make, Mr. Director?

WOLFGANG

Exactly vat I am vorth.

KYLIE

I can't live on that, darls.

WOLFGANG

Oh, you are in ze good form zis evening, you impetuous little upstart ... und vat vas your day like - did you even get up before ze noon?

KYLIE

Oh, Heavens, no! But Chloe and I did manage to squeeze in a few tennis lessons in between the daiquiris in the afternoon.

WOLFGANG

Hmm, I sink I vould have liked to have seen zat - you two pretty young vives prancing about in your scandalously short skirts vith ze cute little cottontails showing ze peek-a-boo underneath und driving your

tennis instructor crazy with lust. Ze poor bastard - I hope he realises how disposable he is ...

KYLIE

And today was such a hot day ... we were sweating all over ...

WOLFGANG

Ja?

KYLIE

Mmm ... our shirts were clinging to our bodies, and of course, silly me, I'd forgotten to put on a bra ...

WOLFGANG

Ach, ja ... zat is sounding good ... you vere vet, nein?

KYLIE

Wet? Oh, yes! In fact I'm starting to feel a little damp right now ...

WOLFGANG

Vell, vy don't you come over here, you sexy little vixen?

KYLIE

(Cynically)

Oh, are we going to do some rehearsing, Mr. Director?

WOLFGANG

Ja, but I would like to audition you first.

KYLIE

Shouldn't you come over to the sofa, or should I say 'couch' - as in 'casting couch'?

(KYLIE rearranges the C.O.O.L. cubes until they read C.O.L.D.)

So, how bad do you want it?

WOLFGANG

I am wanting it bad!

KYLIE

Yeah?

WOLFGANG

Ach, ja.

KYLIE

Well, you're not going to get it!

(KYLIE pushes WOLFGANG away and he chases her around the L.I.V.E.S. cubes. Unseen, REYNALDO opens the door from outside, pokes his head onto stage and watches them. They eventually stop, facing each other over the L.I.V.E.S. cubes which they turn over cube by cube until they are nose to nose. The cubes now read S.W.E.A.T.)

WOLFGANG

So, it's going to be another night of sordid little love games, is it?

KYLIE

I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Director.

WOLFGANG

Ve are going to play like ze cat und ze mouse. Or maybe ve vill play ze kittycat und ze master?

KYLIE

The kittycat is the master.

WOLFGANG

Meow!

KYLIE

Pfft!

(Both REYNALDO and WOLFGANG jump back. REYNALDO exits)

WOLFGANG

Oh, you may be having ze sharp claws, darlink, but you're still no match for me.

KYLIE

We'll see about that, Mr. Director - you'll soon be playing the part of the naughty little boy sent to bed without his supper.

WOLFGANG

Would zat make you hot, darlink?

KYLIE

(Pointing her mobile 'phone at WOLFGANG like a TV remote control)

Changing your channel could really lift your ratings!

WOLFGANG

Ze question you need to ask yourself in zis audition is vether you're up to it?

KYLIE

Oh, I'm a 'method actor', Mr. Director - I live the part day after day and consequently I'm always up to it. The real question is - can you get it up?

WOLFGANG

(Pointing his mobile 'phone at KYLIE. It fails to 'work')

I'm ze vun who calls ze shots here, darlink, remember?

KYLIE

That's all well and good, but what about your little Director's 'assistant'?

(KYLIE gestures with her 'pinkie' finger)

WOLFGANG

'Little', hey? My, my, my - you're going to have to be punished for zat vun! Prepare yourself for ze spanking, young lady!

KYLIE

You're going to have to catch me first, Mr. Director!

(KYLIE runs around the S.W.E.A.T. cubes with WOLFGANG in hot, hot pursuit. He catches her and showers her with kisses. As he does the telephone on the wall near the bedroom door starts ringing. There is a

brief blackout before an **orange** spotlight is focused on the telephone and then the lights come up as before. The telephone continues ringing)

WOLFGANG

(Deadpan)

Zat'll be ze 'phone.

KYLIE

Rock, paper, scissors?

WOLFGANG

Vy not?

(They face each other and play a round of 'Rock, paper, scissors'. WOLFGANG does 'scissors', KYLIE does 'paper')

(WOLFGANG does 'scissors', KYLIE does 'paper')

Ha! You lose!

KYLIE

Damn!

WOLFGANG

(Smirking)

Now don't be playing ze sore loser. Answer ze 'phone.

(KYLIE sighs and goes to the 'phone while WOLFGANG sits)

KYLIE

Kylie's cubbie-house, rooms by the hour!

(After a glance at WOLFGANG, KYLIE lowers her voice)

Brittany, darling, I was just thinking about you ... Hey, what's up, baby?

(Shocked)

What? ... Oh, my God! Are you alright? ... No, they're just scum ...

You're right, they just lose all sense of morality. Their lives become

sick, um, games ... Of, course, baby, I'll be right there. I'll look

after you ... Twenty minutes max ... OK, hang in there. See you soon.

(KYLIE hangs up)

I can't believe it.

WOLFGANG

Vat's happened now?

KYLIE

Oh, ah ... 'Felicity's' been mugged by some jucking funkie ... I mean

fucking junkie ... with a dirty great big sting ... I mean thing ...

I mean syringe! Um, they took her money, cards, keys, mobile 'phone - everything!

WOLFGANG

How could she call you if they took her mobile?

KYLIE

(Irritated)

I don't know, Wolfgang, ever heard of a public 'phone box?

WOLFGANG

Sorry!

KYLIE

Anyway, I'm going into town to pick her up ... I mean give her a lift ... I mean, um, take her home. I'll try not to be too long.

WOLFGANG

But I thought ve vere going to have some fun.

KYLIE

Wolfie, don't be such a ... baby. I'm just calling 'time-out', and, well, you'll benefit from a chance to re-charge your batteries. But don't wear yourself out practicing on your own, 'cos you know it's more fun when there's two playing. See you soon, Mr. Director.

(KYLIE exits)

WOLFGANG

If zis is a game I must have missed ze kick-off! ... Gott in Himmel! Vat a fucking day!

(WOLFGANG does a double-take)

I sink I am deserving a drink - or two.

(WOLFGANG mixes himself a stiff drink)

Mmm, zat's better ... Now I vonder vat zat bitch is up to ... Zis whole mugging thing sounds very suspicious to me ... Ach, I'm just being paranoid.

REYNALDO

(Calling from offstage)

Hello? Anybody home? Door's open.

(REYNALDO enters. He is well-dressed in trendy skating gear, gold chains and bandanna)

Hey.

WOLFGANG

Reynaldo!

(Sarcastically)

Hey, man, nice threads!

REYNALDO

(Admiring himself and striking a rap artist pose)

Yeah, pretty fine, hey. So what's happening? Kyles about?

WOLFGANG

You've just missed her, buddy. Care for a drink?

REYNALDO

No, thanks, man. I'm going to the gym later - it'd bring me down.

WOLFGANG

(Rearranging the S.W.E.A.T. cubes to read M.A.T.C.H.)

Vell, you know, Reynaldo, I'm going to bring you down anyvay - vy are you always looking for my vife?

REYNALDO

What?

WOLFGANG

Ja, you are always checking her out - vat's ze matter - losing ze interest in Chloe?

REYNALDO

You've lost it man - I'm not interested in your wife! Chloe just wanted to borrow her tennis racquet. She's starting lessons tomorrow. And anyway, you can't talk - everyone knows about you and Brittany!

WOLFGANG

(Reluctantly)

Vell, zat's all over now.

(With authority)

So, Mum's ze vord, right? You tell Kylie and I'll tell Chloe about ...

Vell, I'll think of someone.

REYNALDO

Man, you can be an asshole, Wolfgang. If I didn't have to work with you I'd sort you out once and for all. I'm outta here.

WOLFGANG

Reynaldo, wait a second. Tell me - and ze truth now - are you on steroids?

REYNALDO

Get fucked, Wolfgang.

(REYNALDO exits. WOLFGANG is amused)

WOLFGANG

Ha! Vat a loser! A mere spectator!

(Suspiciously)

So Chloe starts lessons tomorrow, hey? Very interesting - or am I just being paranoid? Ach, who cares. I am too exhausted to worry about it.

Man, vat a day. Vat a fucking day!

(WOLFGANG rearranges the C.O.L.D. cubes to read F.E.A.R.)

Hmm, almost lost it today with zat Brittany slut ... Better be playing it careful ... Don't vant zat to happen.

(A referee's whistle is heard. The lights fade to black)

(An elderly couple 'type' hobble across the stage with a placard stating; GAME THREE. A referee's whistle is heard and the lights come up to reveal the same scene as before, except F.E.A.R. is now D.E.A.D. and M.A.T.C.H. is now B.O.R.E.D.)

WOLFGANG

(Storming in angrily)

Gott in Himmel!

(To KYLIE)

Ach! Vat a fucking day! 6 am to 8 pm vithout a break und not von take vorth ze keeping. I vouldn't vant to ever endure zat again! Sheesh! It feels like I've done a double shift!

KYLIE

(Dripping with extreme insincerity)

Poor snookums. Tell me all about it. Did that famous American starlet play up? Now what was her name again?

WOLFGANG

You know zat she is called Brittany, und ja, she vas intolerate-able. Such a demanding little child! She refused to come onto ze set unless her fucking pet verevolf vas zere as vell. Und, of course, ze mutt ate ze leading man! Fucking unbelievable! I could kill ze little Brittany brat - it vould so satisfying be - like throttling a baby zat vas bawling at ze movies!

KYLIE

Wolfgang, that's an absolutely fucking unacceptable thing to say! You know how I feel about babies!

WOLFGANG

Sorry, darlink ... still, I shouldn't complain. At least I'll still get paid.

KYLIE

(Deprecating)

And exactly how much are you going to make, Mr. Director?

WOLFGANG

Exactly vat I am vorth.

KYLIE

Even you can't live on that, darling.

WOLFGANG

Oh, you are in ze good form zis evening, you impetuous little upstart ... und vat vas your day like - did you even get up before ze noon?

KYLIE

Oh, Heavens, no! But Chloe and I did manage to squeeze in a few tennis lessons in between the daiquiris in the afternoon.

WOLFGANG

Hmm, I sink I vould have liked to have seen zat - you two pretty young vives prancing about in your scandalously short skirts with ze leopard skin G-strings showing ze peek-a-boo underneath und driving your tennis instructor crazy vith lust. Ze poor bastard - I hope he realises how

disposable he is ...

KYLIE

(Teasing mercilessly)

And today was such a hot day ... we were sweating all over ...

WOLFGANG

Ja?

KYLIE

Mmm ... our shirts were clinging to our bodies, and of course, silly me, I'd forgotten to put on a bra ...

WOLFGANG

Ach, ja ... zat is sounding good ... you vere vet, nein?

KYLIE

Wet? Oh, yes! In fact I'm starting to feel a little damp right now ...

WOLFGANG

Vell, vy don't you come over here, you sexy little vixen?

KYLIE

Oh, are we going to do some rehearsing, Mr. - Huh! - Director?

WOLFGANG

Ja, but I would like to audition you first.

KYLIE

(Angrily)

I'm not going anywhere near that filthy 'casting couch'!

(KYLIE moves to rearrange the D.E.A.D. cubes, reads them and changes her mind. The cubes are left reading D.E.A.D.)

So, how bad do you want it?

WOLFGANG

(With malice)

I am wanting it bad!

KYLIE

Yeah?

WOLFGANG

Ach, ja.

KYLIE

Well, you're not going to get it!

(KYLIE fearfully runs away and WOLFGANG chases her around the B.O.R.E.D. cubes. Unseen, REYNALDO - naked except for a bathrobe - opens the door from outside, stands in the doorway and watches them. They eventually stop, facing each other over the B.O.R.E.D. cubes which they turn over cube by cube until they are nose to nose. The cubes now read F.I.G.H.T.)

WOLFGANG

(Threatening)

So, it's going to be another night of sordid little love games, is it?

KYLIE

(Now frightened)

I ... I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Director.

WOLFGANG

Ve are going to play like ze cat und ze mouse. Or maybe ve vill play ze kittycat und ze master?

KYLIE

(Defensively)

The kittycat is the master.

WOLFGANG

Meow!

KYLIE

Pfft!

(Both REYNALDO and WOLFGANG jump back. REYNALDO continues watching from the doorway and, with his hand in the pocket of his robe starts, ahem, pleasuring himself)

WOLFGANG

Oh, you may be having ze sharp claws, darlink, but you're still no match for me.

KYLIE

We'll see about that, Mr. Director - you'll soon be playing the part of the naughty little boy sent to bed without his supper.

WOLFGANG

Would zat make you hot, darlink?

KYLIE

(Pointing her 'mobile phone at WOLFGANG like a TV remote)

Changing your channel might just keep your show on the air!

WOLFGANG

Ze question you need to ask yourself in zis audition is vether you're up to it?

KYLIE

Oh, I'm a 'method actor', Mr. Director - I live the part day after day after day and consequently I'm always up to it. The real question is - can you get it up?

WOLFGANG

(Pointing his mobile 'phone at KYLIE. It fails to 'work')

I'm ze vun who calls ze shots here, darlink, remember?

KYLIE

That's all well and good, but what about your little Director's 'assistant'?

(KYLIE gestures with her 'pinky' finger)

WOLFGANG

'Little', hey? My, my, my - you're going to have to be punished for zat vun! Prepare yourself for ze spanking, young lady! Or maybe ze spanking

is not good enough. Maybe I will just be having to kill you!

KYLIE

(With very real fear)

You're going to have to catch me first, Mr. Director!

*(KYLIE runs around the F.I.G.H.T. cubes with WOLFGANG in hot, hot, hot pursuit. He catches her and lifts his hand as if to strike her. As he does the telephone on the wall near the bedroom door starts ringing. There is a brief blackout before a **green** spotlight is focused on the telephone and then the lights come up as before. The telephone continues ringing)*

WOLFGANG

(Deadpan)

Zat'll be ze 'phone.

KYLIE

Um, rock, paper, scissors?

WOLFGANG

Vy not?

(The animosity dissipates considerably. They face each other and play a round of 'Rock, paper, scissors'. WOLFGANG does 'paper' as does KYLIE)

KYLIE

It's a draw. Now what?

WOLFGANG

I don't know.

(They look at each other, unable to decide. The 'phone stops ringing. REYNALDO shrugs his shoulders, closes the door and exits)

Ach, fuck it! Now zen, I vas about to give you a vell deserved spanking.

KYLIE

Wait! I've got a better idea. Let's do some coke. I'm sure you've got some left.

WOLFGANG

Yeah, O.K. Although I don't exactly a pick-me-up need.

KYLIE

I'll just cut up a little then, you big stud, you.

(KYLIE prepares the cocaine from WOLFGANG's G.U.C.C.I. bag)

WOLFGANG

You know, I can't get over zat little bitch on ze set today. Such a spoilt little baby!

KYLIE

(Snorting a line)

Enough with the babies! You do know what day it is today, don't you? Do you hate me that much?

WOLFGANG

Vat? Today ... Today ... Oh, I'm so sorry, darlink - I completely forgot.

KYLIE

Well, let's not dwell on it. And enough of the games - eventually they get out of hand. Let's just relax and forget about the kittycat and the master. For a while at least.

WOLFGANG

My problem is I am being such a fathead - I don't know how to properly play.

KYLIE

Mmm, I love it when you get all humble.
(*KYLIE snorts another line of coke*)

WOLFGANG

Und I love ze vay you are doing zat - you look so ... in control.

KYLIE

I think the word you're looking for is 'horny' - you know only too well what this stuff does to me!

WOLFGANG

I do love you, honey, don't you ever be forgetting zat vun.

KYLIE

And I'm rather fond of you, too, darling. Here, have some coke.

WOLFGANG

No, sanks, darlink. I'll just mix myself a drink.

KYLIE

Whatever rocks your cradle, just don't overdo it. That stuff'll kill you, you know.
(*WOLFGANG mixes himself a stiff drink*)

REYNALDO

(*Calling from offstage*)
Hello? Anybody home? Door's open.

KYLIE

Come on in and join the party, whoever you are!

REYNALDO

(*He enters wearing a tuxedo, white cashmere scarf and a spray of flowers in his button-hole*)
Hey.

KYLIE

Reynaldo! How are you, sweetie? Mmm, nice threads!

REYNALDO

(*Admiring himself and striking a pose like Rodin's 'The Thinker'*)
Yeah, pretty fine, hey. So what's happening?

WOLFGANG

(*Angrily*)
Oh, ve vere just making ze babies - vat does it look like ve are doing?

REYNALDO

That sounds nice.

WOLFGANG

Vell, sanks for ze interest, but ve can menage - I mean manage - all on our own.

KYLIE

Don't mind him, Reynaldo. He's in a sulk 'cos of that Brittany Starrs actress. Ruined his day apparently.

REYNALDO

Oh ... So, you know all about that?

KYLIE

Do I know all about that? I'm not so sure ... Do I know all about that, Wolfie?

WOLFGANG

You know about everysing, darlink, you always do.

REYNALDO

Oh, I almost forgot, Kyles. Chloe sent me over with a new racquet to replace the one you smashed over that instructor's head. Jesus, these pro athletes - they think they can make a move on my wife? I'm just glad you were there to protect her, uh, honour. Chloe said you really let him have it!

KYLIE

Huh? Oh, oh, that was nothing. We get that all the time. He just forgot the rules of the ga ... the rules of civilised society.

REYNALDO

Anyway, I left it down in the car. Back in a few minutes.
(REYNALDO exits. There is an uncomfortable silence)

WOLFGANG

So who are you screwing? Fernando, ze tennis instructor, or Reynaldo, ze man for all seasons?

KYLIE

What the hell are you on about?

WOLFGANG

Vat am I on about? I'm on about you und Chloe getting all hot und bothered und vith ze tennis instructor - or somevun.

KYLIE

Yes, that's right. We both jumped his bones and gave him the time of his life - right there in the middle of the tennis court. He truly knows how to please a woman - in fact, he knows how to please two women.

WOLFGANG

Slut! ... Tell me about it.

KYLIE

You sick little puppy, you. But you actually do think I'm screwing around, don't you?

WOLFGANG

I just hoped you used ze protection - all three of you.

KYLIE

(Calmly but viciously slapping his face)

Is that what you wanted, Mr. Director?

WOLFGANG

Ow! Hey, I was only joking.

(WOLFGANG tries to embrace KYLIE)

KYLIE

(Pulling away)

Uh, uh, you're out of bounds, fella. If you wanna play, go find a wannabe starlet. Oh, yes, Mr. Director, I know you get up to stuff with your actresses. But hey, I'm liberated. I know you're just a male. But that doesn't mean you don't get punished - I am going to make you suffer. For example, you'll never guess who I am sleeping with - and it's not Reynaldo or Fernando. It's someone I can rely on to perform everytime - unlike you. Someone who doesn't have to shoot crappy dogfood commercials - unlike you.

WOLFGANG

Shut up!

(WOLFGANG pushes KYLIE and she falls to the ground. Regaining her composure, she dusts herself off and gets to her feet)

Jesus, I'm sorry, Kylie - I didn't mean to do zat. I just lost it for a second.

KYLIE

I know you didn't mean it, Wolfie. That's why it's 'Round One' to me.

WOLFGANG

Vat?

KYLIE

You lost control so I won. I'm the kittycat and the master, while you are the pussy!

WOLFGANG

Oh, no, no, no. If anysing I von - you slapped me first.

KYLIE

Ah, but I chose to slap you. As you yourself admitted, you lost it. You pushed me, not knowing what you were doing. You forgot that the game has rules - limits. You can't afford to lose control when you play with me, darls.

WOLFGANG

Alright, if it vill making you be happy, I vill admit you von. Now let's forget about zese games und have a little fun.

(WOLFGANG again attempts to embrace KYLIE but she again pulls away)

KYLIE

I don't think I'm in the mood anymore. But if you put in a little effort I could be brought around. I'm talking about some serious wooing, loverboy - but first you're going to have to regain my respect.

WOLFGANG

Regain your respect? How?

KYLIE

By winning the next round.

WOLFGANG

Fucking hell, more games! ... Hmm, alright, I know ... But you'd better be ready. Zis time I'm not holding back. I vill draw upon all my professional expertise - zat vich you so readily denigrated a few moments ago. I'm going to put on a little show for you. A little psychological thriller vith ze vorking title - 'Ze Trophy.'

KYLIE

Don't hold back, darls - hit me with your best shot!

WOLFGANG

(Placing a chair centre-stage)

For you, darlink, a ringside seat.

(KYLIE sits in the chair and WOLFGANG blindfolds her with his large silk handkerchief. He exits to the bedroom)

KYLIE

Wolfie, darling, you've gone all quiet ... is this part of the show? ... Wolfie? ... I don't think I like this, honey ... You're not going to do anything stupid, now are you? I know I said go all the way ... Wolfgang, are you still there ... Wolfie?

WOLFGANG

(From offstage)

Vat's ze matter - can't you handle ze suspense?

KYLIE

(Irritated)

Just hurry up and let me have it!

WOLFGANG

(He enters wearing KYLIE's old school uniform and a wig)

I'm right here, darlink, und I take great pleasure in presenting 'Ze Trophy.'

(He inserts a tape or CD into the S.T.E.R.E.O. cubes and an old pop song begins to play - maybe Kylie Minogue's "I should be so lucky". He dances to the music like a teenybopping young girl)

KYLIE

Man, that song ... it was in the charts for what, 8 or 9 months?

WOLFGANG

Yeah, zat's right. But you must be concentrating und try to be guessing who I am.

KYLIE

Oh, duh ... Too easy ... You're Wolfgang Schmidt - the Academy Award winning director ... *(Laughing)* ... Of your dreams.

WOLFGANG

Bzzz. Close, but no cigar! Remember, zis is a performance zat is going to be pushing you to your psychological limits. Perhaps you are needing ze visual clue.

(WOLFGANG removes her blindfold and dances around in front of KYLIE who bursts out laughing)

So, who am I?

KYLIE

I don't know, but you sure look cute - like one of your starlets on the set!

WOLFGANG

OK, zen ... you are needing another clue. Let's just say zat I'm a mythical figure from ze future - a future zat never had ze chance to develop to ... vell, to maturity.

KYLIE

Hmmm ... Do I actually know this person?

WOLFGANG

You did. I vas very close to you. To both of us.

KYLIE

What do you mean?

WOLFGANG

I mean I no longer exist. I am ... dead. Vat you see is vat I could have been after ze first day at high school. Vith you in ze tuck shop serving or on ze P & C committee working. I am vat could have been ... Vat is now lost.

KYLIE

You're ... dead?

WOLFGANG

Ja, sanks to, vell, sanks to you.

KYLIE

(As WOLFGANG's meaning dawns on her)

I ... I can't believe you're doing this.

WOLFGANG

You've guessed?

KYLIE

(Choking back the tears)

How could you make fun of the miscarriage? How could you even suggest it was my fault? You're a fucking animal! You're sick! You know our ... our baby is the one area out of bounds!

(KYLIE storms over to the S.T.E.R.E.O. cubes and brings them crashing to the ground. The music stops abruptly. She fumes)

WOLFGANG

I'm surprised you didn't see it coming. It was the next inevitable step even you said not to hold back. And anyway, it's good for us - it's called 'drama therapy'. You know, cathartic ... Hey, you think I haven't suffered too, sinking about how she would have made this a real family?
(KYLIE storms off stage. WOLFGANG, dejected, throws the wig onto the ground and paces. He shouts offstage to KYLIE)

I'm sorry, OK?

(Then laughing to himself)

But I definitely won't let you round. And now I will be getting the action!
(KYLIE enters carrying a length of rope and swigging from a bottle of vodka)

KYLIE

Sit!

WOLFGANG

(Sitting timidly on the D.E.A.D. cubes)

Ja, honey, whatever you say.

(KYLIE tries to tie him up but WOLFGANG pulls away)

Hey! What are you doing?

KYLIE

Don't you trust me, darling?

WOLFGANG

Nein, not in your present mood.

KYLIE

Look, I'm over it. We both know these games are played at great expense to our sanity and eventually one of us always says something stupid. But you've earned some fun with that last little effort so I'm going to treat you to a nice old-fashioned strip-tease - real raunchy like!

WOLFGANG

Well, OK, but don't be doing something crazy now.

KYLIE

Me? Do something crazy? Never ... there.

WOLFGANG

It is being a bit tight actually.

KYLIE

Oh, don't be such a ... baby. Anyway, you're going to get a kick out of this!

(KYLIE sets the S.T.E.R.E.O. cubes up and plays a sexy tango. She commences to strip-tease and takes off some of her clothes)

REYNALDO

(From offstage)

Hello? Anybody home? Door's open!

KYLIE

(Starting to appear and sound drunk, KYLIE tosses aside the now empty vodka bottle)

Well, now, we have company. Such great timing ... I wonder who it could be ...

(KYLIE gags WOLFGANG with his silk handkerchief. REYNALDO enters with a tennis racquet, now dressed in revealing gym clothes with oiled muscles and looking tanned, relaxed and confident. He smooths his hair and soaks up KYLIE's admiration)

REYNALDO
Hey.

KYLIE
Reynaldo! How are you sweetie? Mmm, nice threads!

REYNALDO
(Nonchalantly striking a bodybuilding pose, or if the actor is slight of build, a tennis lob)
Yeah, pretty fine, hey. I had to change a tyre - some fucker stuck it with a dirty big syringe! Didn't wanna get grease on the tux so I changed clothes. Um ... why's Wolfgang wearing a dress?

KYLIE
Oh, he's rehearsing a new part.
(KYLIE sidles up close to REYNALDO. They lock eyes, circle each other slowly and pose like figure-skaters. Mechanically, silently, KYLIE seduces REYNALDO with her eyes as she rearranges the F.I.G.H.T. cubes to read P.L.A.C.E. She is breathless as she rearranges the D.E.A.D. cubes WOLFGANG is sitting on to read L.A.S.T. He appears too shocked to resist)

Mmm, sweetie, I think you could do with a pre-match massage - in the bedroom. You know, tonight is 'Games Night' and apparently ...

(Glancing at WOLFGANG)

... anything goes ... Even a workout with the opposition ...

(KYLIE exits into the bedroom with the bewitched REYNALDO. WOLFGANG struggles and goes red in the face. The 'phone rings. KYLIE pokes her head back onto stage after a few seconds and moans ecstatically before reaching across and answering the 'phone)

Kylie speaking ... Brittany, darling! ... Come on over, there's a lovely young man I'd like you to meet ... Yes, like the time with Fernando. Yes, that's right - 'ménage a trois' ... Mmm, just let yourself in - the door's always open ... Oh, Reynaldo, that's fantastic ... Hurry, Brittany, hurry!

(KYLIE hangs up as WOLFGANG struggles madly. She mockingly addresses him in his accent)

Now, now, Volfgang - Don't be playink ze sore loser!

(KYLIE withdraws to the bedroom, giggling. WOLFGANG triumphantly breaks free but as he does a referee's whistle is heard indicating 'Full time'. He slumps. After a pause he reaches for his mobile phone and starts dialing. He stops and pauses again)

WOLFGANG

Ach, fuck it!

(WOLFGANG points the phone to his temple and pulls the 'trigger'. A loud gunshot is heard and the lights immediately extinguish)

CURTAIN.